

The Wanderer: Introduction

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Introduction

A lone figure slowly trudged down a path that seemed to wind endlessly through Viridian Forest. He seemed to be half dragging his feet, kicking up small clouds of dust. A slow wind howled, moving the leaves in the trees and the grass on the ground. The wind also held bits of pollen, and the distinct smells of the forest. Pidgy were flying overhead, taking advantage of the wind. Meanwhile, other Pidgy sat on branches of trees, resting under the shade. On the forest floor beams of light pierced through the thick foliage, and Caterpie lazily foraged in the bushes. The day was bright and vibrant, full of nature. The lone figure was aware of these things, but did not bother to look. His head was down, and there was an aura of sadness around him. His sunken eyes only added to the seemingly interminable depression. The fertile forest clashed with him, a silent battle raging between the darkness of the stranger and the brightness of the outer forest. His garb also did not fit his surroundings. He was dressed in a clean white shirt, a black tie with blue stripes, and black slacks. He also wore an overcoat, but not for retaining warmth. In his left hand he carried a plain blue gym bag, it bulged and sagged from the massive amount of hidden items that he carried. Yet the way he carried the bag, it was weightless and no heavier than a feather. The wandering figure continued in this manner until an injured Pikachu crosses his path. He silently stares at it for a few seconds. The Pikachu looks up and utters one word:

"Pikachu."

That one word immediately determined its predicament. It expressed clearly the pain and injustice that it was currently feeling. No

better human word could even remotely replace it. The stranger knew how it felt to be taken advantage of, he shared the feelings of the injured Pikachu. Yet the word was so simple, that it was easily to lose sight of its meaning, twisting and manipulating it beyond its intention. Too many people were doing that everyday. He bent down to get a closer look at the wound. After patching it up, the Pikachu strode into the forest, darkness hid it from further view. The stranger decided to rectify the mistake, to at least bring justice to the transgressor. Boot prints were by where the Pikachu had lay. The stranger began following them, and a new vigor seemingly possessed him. Gone were the tired sulking eyes, replaced by the eyes of a hunter. He continued tracking the footprints, and eventually came to a rather large stick that was carelessly tossed on the ground. The stick was blunt on one end, indicating that the last user of it had been prodding something. The stranger knew that it was the same ones who injured the Pikachu. The footprints continued on, and the person continued following them until he heard voices. He then quickly hid behind a bush, carefully edging his way down, and peeked over.

"Aww, c'mon that was too easy of a battle."

The man who the voice belonged to approached the defeated Pidgy and began nudging it with his foot. The Pidgy was in pain, as indicated by its expression and the various bruises on its body. The man himself wore black workman boots, blue denim shorts, a T-shirt, and an annoying smirk on his face. He could not have been a day over 20 years of age.

"Ya, what pathetic PokÃ©mon! Man, I can't wait to get to Viridian City and challenge the gym master. My PokÃ©mon should be pretty powerful from all these victories."

The other man was extremely portly, and had a thick beard. Unlike his friend he was dressed a bit more warmly. He wore a jacket with pokÃ©balls buckled on, brown khaki pants, and expensive looking sneakers

Freedom. Justice. That is what needed to be done now. As if possessed, the stranger stands up and confronts the two figures.

"Eh, look another trainer!" The first man said. He must have thought he was a trainer, he did have a few pokÃ©balls around his belt. Of course he was wrong, but he was not going to correct him. The less he knew, the better.

"Yea, you wanna challenge me?" the stranger said.

"Why not?" the first man reached for a pokÃ©ball in his pocket. Time seem to slow down to the stranger. The first trainer extended his arm and shoulder back, the expression on his face was pure excitement. He prepared to throw, and his hand slowly moved toward the stranger, propelling the ball. His lips began forming the words, "Go, Squirtle", but the sound did not come. In mid throw, a shot pierced the scene. Time seemed to jump back to normal, and sound returned again as the first trainer fell to the ground and landed on his back. A millisecond later his pokÃ©ball landed with a slight thud.

"Argh!! You shot me, you SOB, you shot me!" said the first trainer.

The stranger's right arm was extended, and it was holding a smoking pistol. The pistol was a .44 Magnum. The stranger showed little concern for what had just occurred, he speculated that it was an arm wound and he would live. He began addressing both the first and the second trainer, who was now frozen in his tracks.

"Give me the pok  balls" said the stranger, without the least show of emotion.

"Oh my gosh, Will. We better give him what he wants." The second trainer immediately threw down a backpack that he had been wearing, and pok  balls spilled out. The first trainer, with his good arm gave him the rest of his pok  balls.

"Leave, now!" said the stranger sternly

Both trainers turned around and fled, and once he saw them completely gone the stranger sat down, and put away his gun. The Pidgy that they were harassing moments ago had flown away with other Pidgys on hearing noise of his firearm. Minutes after the scene occurred he noticed that he was sweating profusely. To the trainers, Pok  mon were nothing but objects, like a tool, a weapon, or some sort of trophy. They were wrong, the whole society is wrong. Despite the injustice, he would not sink to their level. He could have the power to take advantage of them, but he didn't for now. The atrocities he witnessed were getting worse and worse; and he feared when his morals and self-control would get pushed over the edge. His palms were sweaty, and one of his eyes stung from a sweatdrop. He slowly took deep breaths, and wiped the sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief. Afterwards, he took his loot and searched for a clearing in the forest. He took one of the trainer's pok  balls and threw it on the ground, in the middle of the clearing and hid. It was a Cubone. To his relief, the creature wasn't heavily injured, and quickly moved away into the forest. He repeated the process with all the balls that he had acquired, slowly freeing each Pok  mon. After he emptied the last ball he took a small leather pouch out from his overcoat. He unhooked the pouch, in it were various screwdrivers, wrenches, and small hammers. He opened a pok  ball and began making adjustments. When he was satisfied with the adjustments, he opened his gym bag. In it there were firearms and weapons of all types. He then placed the pok  ball inside the bag. As he pulled his hand out, a tag that was attached to the bag stuck out. On it was writing:

> NAME: GREGORY FREEMON

>

> ADDRESS: 3951 15TH AVE., SAFFRON CITY

End
file.